

MAX PAULI:
THE STORY OF A MAN'S LIFE.

BY HEINRICH HOFFMANN.

CHAPTER III.

WORK BEGINS.

Ah! who can paint that hard and heavy time
When first the scholar lists in learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforc'd to climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain?
—Hood.

Life was not all play for Max Pauli. The neighbours said, it is true,

"Those two Frenzels are spoiling that child. But what would you have? Whoever knew an old maid and a bachelor to bring up a child with common-sense? No, take my word for it, it takes a parent to understand children!"

Well, perhaps the neighbours were right; a little wholesome neglect does no harm; and parents sometimes contrive to neglect a good deal of a child, even when they most pamper the rest. But Herr Frenzel outraged the feelings of people on a matter as to which everybody has an opinion—the new lights of the latest enthusiast, or the traditions of his family. Most sensible folk considered that "Do as you're bid" was the whole duty of a child, and that to study one as Herr Frenzel was doing, and to lay yourself out to follow the lead of his nature, was arrant nonsense, and likely to upset sound principles of family government. So people talked when they saw the boy going about with his uncle as if the two were on the same footing.

Could the neighbours have looked in upon Max's lessons,

they would have gone away chuckling. Sure enough, Herr Frenzel, with his maggots, had got on the wrong tack. The boy could read already, and read greedily whatever he came across; but he could not or would not learn. Weeks were spent over *mensa*, and Max could not decline it; months of labour were given to *amo*. "*Amo, amas, amat*," so far swimmingly, but beyond that, cart-horses could not draw this impossible pupil. And it was the more provoking because the boy was running over with intelligence, was always saying things wise enough to be put in a book, had thoughts—real thoughts—about everything that came in his way, and yet—he could not conjugate *amo*!

Poor Herr Frenzel went about with chin sunk and hands clasped behind his back, pondering the cause of this refractory mind in a child so docile in all other ways. It was very curious; it seemed as if the boy had his moral nature well in hand, but had no power at all over his wits. You see, it was a serious matter, for if Max could not learn Latin there was no door open to him that his uncle could see; he might as well be apprenticed to a shoemaker. And that, for a child upon whom so many hopes were set, who was to fulfil for Friedrich Frenzel all that he himself had dreamed but failed to do, so that he should live, vicariously, as it were, in this more able child!

"It must be that I can't teach," said the poor man, and perhaps he was right. He confided his difficulty to Doris, who had a practical suggestion to offer. Why not consult with Dr. Hertz?—who taught the Prince's children, and, with them, those of two or three noble families of the Court. The school-master had ever a friendly leaning towards the gentle philosopher who knew so much and made so little of it, and that such a man should fail to teach a child to decline *mensa* was "nuts" to him. Did it not prove that schoolmastering was a craft—the scoffs of the light-minded notwithstanding? He looked as if the case were clear to him, nodded, as who should say, "I expected as much," at each proof of the child's general power and particular failure, and concluded the interview with, "Give me a day to think it over."

He had a bold idea. Why not teach this child of a scholar with the young counts and princes, who were none too gentlemanly or quick-witted to please their tutor? He asked here and there, "What manner of boy is the little Pauli?" A queer

child, but well-behaved enough, people said; he would be all right if the Frenzels did not spoil him. Armed with this, Dr. Hertz carried his point. One or two ladies had qualms about admitting a boy without even a *von* to his name to study with their sons; but people thought gently of Herr Frenzel, and, besides, Hertz was a man who did what he had a mind to, and was much too able to be lightly quarrelled with.

Three days after Doris's happy thought, for which she took vast credit, young Max, after undergoing a vigorous toilet, trotted off to the palace with his uncle.

Now, Herr Frenzel, notwithstanding that he drank greedily at new founts of light, was in great awe of the powers that be; it was born in him to comport himself reverently towards, to think meekly of, the higher order of the nobles. Were they friendly, good people?—it was of their grace. Had they peccadilloes?—well, it was to be expected in their high position, and he had no measure to judge them by. But the boy, though born and brought up in feudal dependence, and with much the same blood in his veins, did not approach their high mightinesses with any foregone reverence. He was not antagonistic, quite friendly rather; but how was it he set himself to look, eye to eye, at that which was above him? Was there some new spirit in the air, which the child imbibed of necessity? Wherefore, while Herr Frenzel entered the large, low, oak-panelled and oak-ceiled chamber set apart as a schoolroom, with a by-your-leave air which should disarm the haughtiest, young Max stepped freely, gazed about curiously, and was not cowed by the supercilious and unfriendly stare bent upon him by twenty bright young eyes, whose owners sat at work behind the oak table running half the length of the room.

"Well, and how did our Max like doing his lessons with the little nobles?" cried Doris, with effusion, when the boy came home after morning school.

"I don't know." And a hail of questions as to who was there, what he had done, how he liked it, got no more out of him than "I don't know;" wherefrom his uncle, with affection's quick intuition, perceived that the boy was having a bad time, and was setting his teeth to bear it.

For a fortnight Max had a bad time, and said not a word about it at home: he was not ill-treated; did not even get hard words; but, for a whole fortnight, those ten children, four of

them girls, too, looked as if he were not there. Never once did he surprise a friendly, or even a curious look on any one of those young faces, so stolid and loveless when turned his way, so animated and loveable for each other; his neighbours at the table never saw him, never heard if he asked for ink or ruler; he might take or lose a place in the standing class,—no one was aware of it. But the play time was the worst; there they were in the court—at tag or rounders or leap-frog—shouting, laughing, hurtling, tumbling about each other as young things do. Max was outside of it all—as completely shut off as by ten feet of solid masonry—Max, with his heart going out desperately after young creatures like himself whom he had never got within touch of before. He showed a fine pluck, though; he did not whine, or sulk, or fawn on his young tyrants, nor stand gazing into the paradise that was not for him; but sauntered about the court, whistling, his eyes open for whatever might be astir in the more friendly world of the creatures not blessed with speech.

Max's turn was coming. "Grubs," handled knowingly, must needs fascinate every boy. They held out against a handsome stag-beetle, standing about half a dozen yards off while he captured and looked at and boxed his prize, though they longed to come and look their fill; they bore seeing him handle a young frog, which still carried a hint of a tail; but when his net brought down an "emperor" they could stand it no longer. Boys and girls crowded up and plied Max with questions—*de haut en bas*, to be sure, but he did not mind that. The ice was broken! The child's heart expanded, and when he went home he talked for the first time about "the boys" and their doings; about "the girls" he was too shy to say a word, but he thought the more; especially of one blue-eyed little fairy, the Countess Amalie, who had often been sorry for him, he was sure.

But children have brutal instincts, and a well of nastiness nursed in a human heart will out. These children had not been thinking scorn of Max for a fortnight to turn sweet in a minute; they had not done with him yet, and they soon let him find that their speech could be worse than their silence. How those fiendish little tongues found sore places or rubbed sore places all over the boy's heart! How they gibbeted his uncle and aunt, his clothes, his dead father and mother—nothing escaped them; and Max answered yes, or no, or, again, set his teeth

and said nothing, wondering forlornly if Amalie did really care.

One day—it was too hot for play, and they lay about in the shade of a great yew which spread half over the court—their gibes were all for the meagre table with which gossip credited the Frenzels. One boy had picked two ribs of a herring for his dinner, another had “smelt at” a slice of sausage. “And now Max Pauli must own up; what had *you* for dinner yesterday?”

All at once, and for the first time, a lying spirit entered into the boy; he lied with circumstance, with courage, with coolness, and—came off master of the situation; for the children had too little knowledge of the world to be sure that he lied when he told them of a dinner fit for a noble’s table, omitting not so much as a sauce. How could he know of these things if he had not tasted them? his audience argued; and, sure enough, how did he know? Only because a crony of his aunt’s, who was housekeeper in a great house, had been detailing the night before in his presence the glories of a grand dinner given by her master.

But Max told his tale with brightening eye and flushed cheek, and with never a thought of sin or shame. For the moment he believed it all; it ought to be true, and therefore it was true. And off he marched, his chin in the air, not one of them having courage to give him the lie.

He was so elated with his exploit that he must needs boast of it at home; not to his uncle, though; he had wit enough left to avoid that, even had Herr Frenzel been in; but his Aunt Doris was made the amazed recipient of a tale of reckless and triumphant lying which took her breath away. “Thou wicked boy!” made no impression at all; the child’s brain was giddy with success, and he was simply not aware of how his aunt looked on this achievement of his. She sent him to bed, and waited in dismay for the return of Friedrich. Here was trouble with a vengeance. It was not only the wickedness of the child, but the ruin to his prospects, and the public disgrace of his lying.

By-and-by Friedrich came in. He heard the tale through without a word; only a certain rigidity of limb and feature showing how deep it struck. He got up with the slow uncertain movement of a man recovering from a fainting fit, and went in to

Max, who had thrown himself on his little bed, his eye still bright, his cheek flushed.

“Is it true, Max, that you have been lying?”

The lifeless tones, the rigid countenance, reached the boy, as his aunt’s exclamations had failed to do. He began to see what he had been about.

“Oh, uncle! is it dreadful?”

“It is better to die than to lie.”

He sat down far from the little bed, not looking at the child, not looking at anything, with the joy of life gone out of him. Remember, Truth was Friedrich Frenzel’s religion, almost his whole religion. Falsehood was, to him, the last defilement. He had never consciously told a lie: and the boy was more to him than himself.

Max slipped off the bed as if he would have slipped out of his clothes and out of his skin, and dragged himself along the floor to his uncle’s foot. He caught the limp hand that hung from the chair’s back, and, in a fearful whisper, cried,

“Can’t you forgive me, uncle Fritz?”

“Oh, child! how can I take the stain away?”

But he took the child on his knee, and they comforted each other, and the one face lost its terror and the other its dismay. That night, when Doris came to tuck Max up, she found him crying, and she had a better word of comfort for him; he did not go to sleep defiled with a stain which could not be removed. But Max had learned a lesson; lying was to him henceforth a reproach hardly to be taken away.

The next morning, while the palace children were loitering under the yew before lessons began, Max marched up to them.

“I told lies yesterday; we had herring salad for dinner. I don’t want to see you ever any more. You should not have made me tell lies.”

And with that he walked out of the court as steadily as he had walked in. He had made himself do this thing. The children looked at each other with some shame and self-reproach. They were not bad after all; but, given fair game, it is human nature to give chase; and poor little Max seemed fair game to them; for had not he, a poor child, a child of the people, you may say, tried to get a footing amongst his betters?

"Uncle, I've told them it was all lies. Don't send me there again."

"Very well, my Max." And they tried to talk of other things, but nothing was very interesting to either that day.

CHAPTER IV.

IN OBERLAND.

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody;
Now everything that Nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.

—T. Watson.

It was Max's time to be comforted now; for, little as we may deserve it, a day of comforting follows a day of distress for us all. Max's comforting came with his uncle Heinrich, who was head ranger and general overlooker of the Prince's estates in Oberland. You would hardly take those two for brothers, seeing them side by side: Fritz, a transparent vase, made to carry a light; and Heinrich, a burly pitcher to contain good things of this life; and yet, feature for feature, they were oddly alike, being twin brothers, hardly to be distinguished in childhood.

"Poor little chap! so he went and owned up to them all that he had lied, and that of his own accord! I call that plucky. But this is the sort of thing to wear the child to fiddle-strings. You take life too hard here. You must let me have him for a bit to set him on his feet again. He shall tell no lies, I promise you; but I'll send him back a child of flesh and blood."

Heinrich wished with all his heart that he might feed up the whole household to a more healthy human condition, but knew better than to drop a hint of his wish.

The next day Max took the second journey of his life, and this time, thought of joy, on horseback, seated before his uncle. It was but the first in a long chapter of delights. Life brought much of pleasantness to Max Pauli in after days, but three such months of pure, abounding, unshadowed bliss were not to be repeated in his history. It was not only that everything was new, but everything was of a nature to call out all the power of joy that a man-child has in him.

The castle itself, a feudal structure half in ruins, stood in a gap between two of the highest summits of the Rosenberg, and was reached by a long, winding mountain path, only to be trodden by a sure-footed beast. The keep was in good preservation, and here were the narrow quarters of the head ranger. Neither of the Frenzel brothers had married, so the ranger's den was big enough for his wants, the more so that all his arrangements were made with military neatness and precision. The stone walls were hung with fowling-pieces, spears, trophies—antlers, tusks of boar, talons, skins of wolf and bear, brush of fox. These were the main furniture of the apartment, and think what it was to Max to eye them, at first with many misgivings, and then, by degrees, to learn the history of every trophy, the service that every weapon had seen. His uncle caught him more than once making the round of the room, and telling over to himself the legend of each object. He never forgot that room.

Of furniture for use and creature comfort the keep-chamber had little, and such as it had was of rough deal, put together by the owner, and all on one principle—everything, stools, table, truckle-bed, was made to fold up. The ranger liked a clear parade, he said, and every morning, by 6.30 sharp, everything was folded up and hung up, and the floor cleared as for a country dance. By the end of the second day Max could do all the folding, and not a little of the hanging.

Two disorderly objects there were, but Max was not one of them; Spitz and Mädchen, spaniels of breed and character, shared their master's quarters, and afforded him human companionship. Human? Ay, human, or more; so Max thought as the language of ear and eye and tail disclosed itself to him, and he found how full of amiable converse these dumb brutes were. Max was not learned enough in the ways of men to recognise the marvel of this thing—that his uncle knew how to keep in ample happiness and content *two* creatures of the sex as open to the pangs of jealousy and wounded affection in dog-kind as in human-kind. We do not advocate the experiment, but we believe there are men good enough and sweet enough to make *two* wives happy, a harder thing, perhaps, than to keep a whole harem full of women in content. What cookings of hare and pheasant, what jokes and feasts and frolics those four had after a long day in the woods or on the high moors!

Max met with a sort of promotion here, too. Much as the Wilhelmstadt Frenzels thought of the boy, there is a certain traditional way of treating a child to which they clung. His uncle Friedrich never talked to him as man to man. Now, this was just what Heinrich did. He had seen and learnt much, and an auditor was so rare a treat that out it all came—without any nice questioning as to child or man.

"A day on the moors in the grouse season is hard work; you tramp for many a mile through heavy heath, up to your knees in bog; wherever the dog leads it's your place to follow. You wonder at Spitz, but it's my belief the fowls on the wild moor know as much as many a Christian. What do you make of this, sir? There is an old fellow here who has a hut on the edge of the moor, and has no plain way of getting a living: I suspected he had more dealings than he should have with the birds, and made it my business to find him out. Well, at day-break, one morning, I tracked him to a hole, a bit of a cave in the moor; and, when all was still, I heard a cry from the cave, like the cry of a bird; and, if you please, a bird answered, and settled a few feet from the mouth of the cave; another cry drew it in, and the old fellow bagged it. Of course the bird was taken in, but I'd defy you to doubt that that cry came from a bird's throat. And what I say is, if they call and answer one another, as it is plain they do, who knows how much talk they carry on among themselves?"

This was delightful; Max had often thought as much, for if the creatures could not talk, how could they know each other's meaning?

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST PLUNGE.

Are little boats alive?
And can they plan and feel?

"*Amo, Amas, Amat, A-mat, Am-at, Amatote.*" It is our hero again. Some persons have an unlucky day, some an unlucky star, nor was Max Pauli the first to find disaster in *amo*.

There he stood in the dim vault-like bookshop, with stone floor and stone walls not to be seen for books, books everywhere barely discernible in the gloom; his fingers itched to handle

them, for the boy was already a book-lover, and the very covers of a book solicited him as a kitten asks the stroking hand. Max had never been in a bookshop before; Wilhelmstadt did not boast one; and he was now standing in that of one of the principal booksellers in Hartzig, the great book-centre of Germany. A sort of Bookminster it became in his after thoughts, and he made there such an unconscious dedication of himself to books, as another boy we know of did in another Minster to the service of architecture. What light there was in the place was caught by the startling figure of the bookseller—long and lean, and clad from neck to heel in a flame-coloured overcoat. As for the face of Herr Bohn, it was a vellum binding with illuminated title—long since faded—in the eyes. The words came out of him slow and far off, like a voice from the shelves. No wonder the lad was half frightened as he continued to stumble through *amo*. Afterwards he tried to tell himself that fear had made him fail; but he could not say that to his uncle.

"*Amo, Amas, Amas, . . . Amas . . . sant,*" and the tall master waited. He brought out a shining copper snuff-box, and Max noticed, as he took a pinch, that fingers and thumb were bound in cracked old vellum too. He saw that the scattered grains of snuff did not show on the strange coat. If he would not go on waiting! *Amo* would not come if the yellow master waited all day. And Bluhmen, the town printer, who had brought him up to seek his fortune, what would he think of him for a dolt and a dunderhead and a disgrace to his uncle? Poor uncle Fritz! And *am-as* came out with a half sob. The yellow master wears shining copper buckles. Does he see to read by himself as if he were a lamp? That must be it. Why, that's the *History of the World* on the bottom shelf. Shall I tell him I've read ten of the big books right through? He wouldn't care. What's the good of reading if you don't know *amo*. I could be out in a jiffy and off before Bluhmen and the yellow master knew what I was about. I should soon lose myself in this big place, and nobody would be disgraced.

"*Amo, Amas, Amas . . . Ama . . . vistis—*"

A five minutes' pause.

"I must—decline—the advantage—of your services. Good day to you."

They tried two or three other booksellers with no better

luck; no one wanted Max. One thought him small for fourteen; one thought him weakly; all were astonished at the sheer ignorance behind the boy's intelligent countenance and proper behaviour. He couldn't so much as run through the kings of Saxony; to be sure, he didn't belong to Saxony, but what of that? One must have some general information. You pick it up, it's true; but then, why hadn't he picked up some knowledge already? That was the question. And it remained "the question" for Max. He knew he was not the ignorant lout they thought him, but how to prove it?

"The mind can know nothing except what it can express in the form of an answer to a question put by the mind itself."

This, one of his uncle's sententious saws, offered itself with horrible persistence as the explanation. He tried it. "Well, but I don't put the questions;" and then, "If I did?" and then, fruitless, rambling, half-conscious efforts to put questions to his mind which his mind could answer. Then, that inevitable formula, "The mind—," until at last he startled Bluhmen by crying out, "The mind the mind the mind the mind," a dozen times in a breath.

The man, who believed he was amusing his charge with the sights of Hartzig, came to a sudden halt.

"If the boy hasn't gone stark, staring mad!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Bluhmen, but a thing uncle says keeps running in my head, and I thought I'd say it out and get rid of it."

Oh, the dreariness of the journey home, through four long days in the open mail-cart! Not a week ago, and every fresh passenger brought a whiff of that experience of life the young hunger after. The guests in each *Wirthshaus* they stopped at,—charcoal burners, peasant folk, travelling pedlars, what not,—were the illustrations to as many romances; and the tales told round the *Wirthshaus* table, slow and broken, between whiffs of the pipe and pulls at the jug, and coming out of a cloud of smoke through which you could hardly discern the speaker's face; tales of gallant brigands and of witches, of men of bad passions turned into wer-wolves—here was stuff for a youth full of "Don Quixote" and agog for adventure! And now, was it possible that he cared nothing for it all? It was like being dead, to go on and never care.

Max did not know it, but the unaccustomed fatigue of

jolting day after day over heavy roads, in bad weather, had something to do with his limpness. He set it all down to failure; and, at fourteen, failure is final, not to be retrieved in this world or another. How should he face his uncle? Poor uncle Fritz! That was it; he was not afraid of his uncle's anger, but it would hurt him so! and Max grudged, like many an older unfortunate, that he could not bear all the burden of his own shame.

A journey, of even four days, comes to an end; the coachman whipped up his team to come in with a dash, and there they were in Wilhelmstadt; and there, at the door of the Blue Dragon, was his uncle Fritz, waiting. They had arranged beforehand that if the lad got nothing to do he was to come back with Bluhmen by the mail.

There was no need to say anything as they walked home. One or two neighbours whom they met nodded with a look as plain as words. I told you so! there's Max Pauli back again on his poor uncle's hands. What's the good of persons carrying a sickle to a field they have not sown? *That* boy will come to no good. Max heard the things unsaid, and shrunk closer to his uncle's side; no jibes for him there, anyway! His aunt Doris, too, was very kind; if only she would not make believe, and talk away as if he had just run up to Hartzig to see the world like any other young gentlemen, to be sure. She fried pancakes for supper to celebrate his coming home; and that he could eat pancakes without emotion marked a step in life for Max; he was putting away childish things.

And what had Max Pauli been about these six years since last we heard of him? The Court school had, we have seen, proved a failure; and his uncle's teaching had failed; but there was the Gymnasium, and he was old enough to be entered when he returned from his first visit to the Oberland. Herr Frenzel rubbed his hands and waited. "There's nothing like the town school after all; your fancy education is all very well, but if you want a boy to do anything he must rough it with the rest." So said Frenzel to himself after a talk with the head master, who scouted the notion that education was to be had in Wilhelmstadt beyond the four walls of the Gymnasium; and Herr Frenzel went home to dream of his boy at the University of ——— filling the chair of ———, and, here, vision failed. How was he to tell what Chair would fit a boy who showed no "turn" for

anything? Mathematics, classics, dialectics, were all one to Max. We'll wait and see, said his uncle, with absolute reliance on the boy's intelligence and common-sense. But nothing came of it. Max never learned, or, if he learned, forgot, the run of *Amo*. One thing he did though, and perhaps it was Dr. Hertz after all who gave him his education, such as his nature took and would assimilate. Hertz was interested in the unobtrusive scholar, and got for him the privilege of borrowing books from the Court library. And Max read ravenously; got his head full of travels, adventures, "Arabian Nights" tales, books of history; and it was out of these he got his education—such as it was.

(To be continued.)

ON THE TEACHING OF POETRY.

BY MARY A. WOODS.

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Most people will agree with me that poetry ought to be taught. Doubtless there are still some who hold that it is a mere amusement, a trifle fit only for the nursery or the drawing room, and unworthy to encroach on the sacred hours devoted to science and mathematics and physical exercise. And others will tell me that it is too *good* for the schoolroom. Poetry, they say, the ripest fruit of the ripest thought of mankind, should not be squandered on minds too crude or too weak to receive it: the audience of the true poet, if fit, must always be "few." But these two classes are in a minority, and I do not propose to deal with them to-day. I must assume that poetry is good, and that, being good, it yet cannot be too good for our children. The points I wish to raise are the objects and the methods of teaching it.

Why do we teach poetry? Some will say, "Because of the moral lessons inculcated by means of it." Others, "Because it strengthens the memory, and—if only hard enough—the reasoning powers." Others, "Because it illustrates history, or grammar, or etymology," or "Because it affords useful practice in analysis or composition." Now, I want to-day to plead for the teaching of poetry *for its own sake*, as one of the fine arts, ranking with music and painting and the drama, and having similar aims and uses. We do not, if we are wise, demand a moral, in the ordinary sense of the word, in the pictures we show our children, and the music we play to them. We demand that the artist should be inspired, that he should be a true artist, touched with the fire of genius, and then—let it be a comedy of Shakspeare's, or a landscape of Turner's, or even a dance tune of Chopin's—we use it fearlessly. "Better such things," we say, "than the sickly apologues, the so-called 'religious' prints, and the 'sacred' music, too often thought good enough for children." "And so," I would add, "better the